

Haunted Mansion

Stories
Inspired by
the Classic

Disney
Attraction



#1

\$2.95



DIRGE

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Welcome, Foolish Mortals...

Room for a Thousand

Many ghosts have thought they had what it takes to be resident number 1,000 of our infamous manse. In this story, the newest hopeful spook takes us on a quick tour of the house.

Written and Illustrated by Eric Jones
Words courtesy of the Ghost Host

Blueprint for Murder

The designers of the mansion become the first after-life inhabitants in a story of greed, envy and murder.

Written and Illustrated by Jon "Bean" Hastings

While the Fifi is Away

Tales from the pet cemetery from the master of creepy animals.

Written and Illustrated by Roman Dirge

Talking Heads

Madame Leota gives advice to a lovelorn ghost who has a bit of personal problem.

Written and Illustrated by Black Olive

The New Groundskeeper

A new groundskeeper starts work at the mansion, and the residents have *opinions* about his replacement.

Written and Illustrated by D.W. Frydendall

The Mystery of the Manse

Part One

The story of William Gracey and the truth about the mansion's creepy history begins in this issue.

Written by Dan Vado

Illustrated by Mike Moss and Brian Belew

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ROOM for a THOUSAND

AH! THERE YOU ARE!
YOU'VE ARRIVED TO
FILL OUR QUOTA ...

KINDLY STEP INSIDE
PLEASE, THERE'S A
CHILL IN THE AIR ...

LOOK ALIVE! THERE'S
NO TURNING BACK NOW...

CAW!



WELCOME TO THE
HAUNTED MANSION.

I'M CERTAIN YOU WILL FIND
THE ACCOMMODATIONS HERE
IN OUR MOLDERING SANCTUM
JUST TO YOUR LIKING.

EVERY ROOM HAS
WALL-TO-WALL
CREEPS, AND HOT-
AND-COLD RUNNING
CHILLS.

HERE, YOU SEE
PAINTINGS OF
SOME OF OUR
GUESTS IN THEIR
CORRUPTIBLE,
MORTAL STATE.



NO FLASH
PICTURES,
PLEASE.

WE SPIRITS ARE
FRIGHTFULLY
SENSITIVE TO
BRIGHT LIGHTS...





WE FIND IT DELIGHTFULLY UNLIVABLE HERE IN THIS GHOSTLY RETREAT...



...BUT YOUR CADAVEROUS PALLOR BETRAYS AN AURA OF FOREBODING.



CREPIES AND CRAWLIES, TOADS IN A POND,
LET THERE BE MUSIC FROM REGIONS BEYOND!
WIZARDS AND WITCHES, WHEREVER YOU
DWELL, GIVE US A HINT BY RINGING A BELL!

ALL OUR HAPPY HAUNTS
ARE BEGINNING TO
MATERIALIZE... THEY'VE
PLANNED A SWINGIN'
WAKE IN YOUR
HONOR...

...AND THEY'LL
BE EXPECTING
YOU.





WHEN THE CRYPT DOORS CREAK AND THE
TOMBSTONES QUAKE ~ SPOOKS COME OUT
FOR A SWINGING WAKE ~ HAPPY HAUNTS
MATERIALIZE ~ AND BEGIN TO VOCALIZE ~
GRIM GRINNING GHOSTS COME OUT TO
SOCIALIZE !

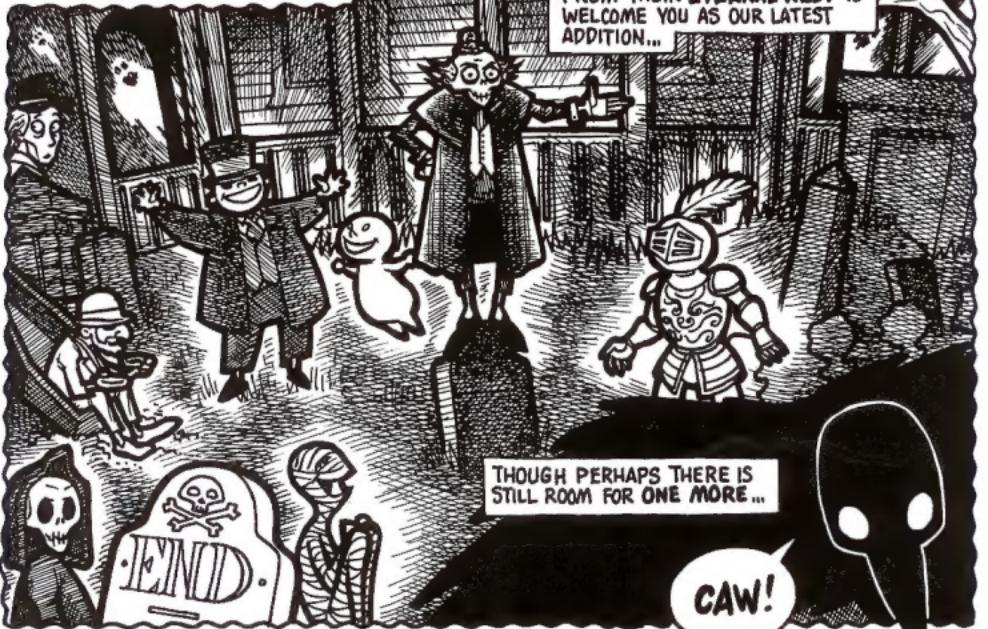




AH, THERE
YOU ARE!



I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE BURIED
YOUR TREPIDATION AND JOINED
THE REVELERS IN THE DIRGE!



THERE ARE 999 HAPPY HAUNTS RESIDING IN MY HUMBLE HOME BUT I'M ETERNALLY INDEBTED TO THE FIRST OF MY PERMANENT GUESTS... MY ARCHITECTS, MR. DAVIS AND MR. COATS. THEY PROVIDED SUCH A STRONG FOUNDATION FOR THOSE WHO WOULD FOLLOW, ALL THANKS TO THEIR...

BLUEPRINTS FOR MURDER!

THE ARCHITECTURAL FIRM OF COATS AND DAVIS HAD TALENT BUT LITTLE SUCCESS AND NO UNCERTAIN AMOUNT OF GREED. A PERFECT COMBINATION FOR MY BUILDING NEEDS.

YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN, GENTLEMAN, BUT IT IS DECIDED. FOR YOUR DISCRETION REGARDING CERTAIN HIDDEN DESIGN ELEMENTS IN MY MANSION, I WILL PAY YOU TWICE YOUR NORMAL FEE.

YOU MAY REST ASSURED THAT OUR WORK WILL REFLECT YOUR... INNOVATIVE... STRUCTURAL IDEAS AND THAT OUR LIPS SHALL REMAIN FIRMLY SEALED, MR. GRACEY.

UNDER LOCK AND KEY AND THEN SOME, SIR!

WELL THEN, GENTLEMEN, I SHALL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR INKS AND DRAWING APPARATUS. I WISH CONSTRUCTION TO BEGIN POST HASTE.

WE WILL STRIVE TO PLEASE, MR. GRACEY.

UNTIL OUR FINGERS CRAMP FROM EFFORT!



TWO MORE DIFFERING PERSONALITIES YOU COULD NOT HOPE TO FIND THAN IN THESE COLLEAGUES. THEY HAD BEEN BROUGHT TOGETHER BY CREATIVITY, ARTISTIC ENDEAVOR AND NOW BY A PROJECT BOTH CHALLENGING AND CAREER DEFINING.

FREELY FLYING BUTTRESSES! WE'VE DONE IT, MR. COATS!

AT LAST, A CLIENT WORTHY OF OUR TALENT, AND SUCH A CHALLENGE... A MANSION, TO BE DEVISED WITH ALL MANNER OF PUZZLING CONTRAPTION!

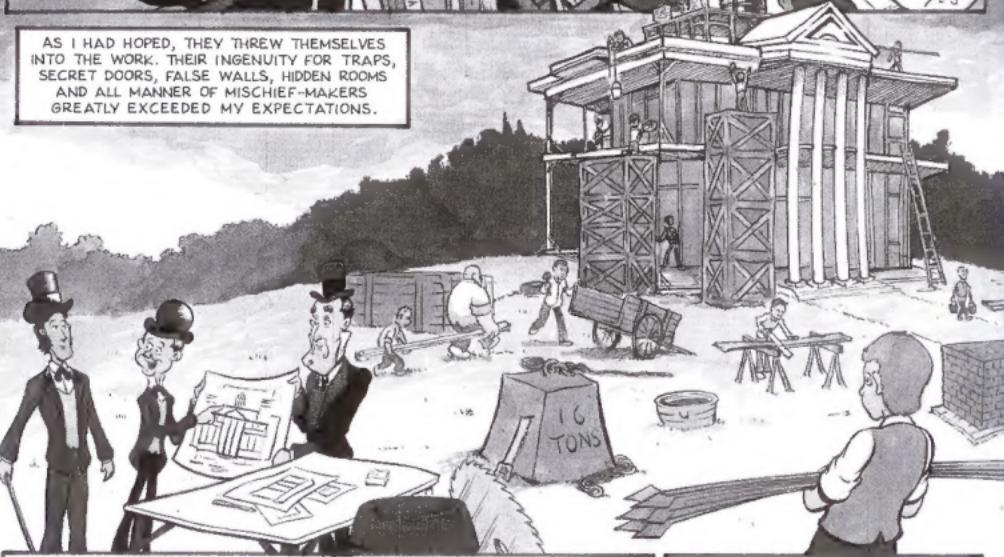
I'M POSITIVELY GIDDY, SIR!



THE TASK WAS LARGE, SO THEY DIVIDED THE WORK BETWEEN THEM, EACH USING HIS CREATIVITY IN HIS OWN DISTINCTIVE MANNER. MR. COATS, SLOW AND STEADY, ADDED RESTRAINED DETAILS ALONG THE WAY. MR. DAVIS, IN CONTRAST, RAN RIOT OVER PAGE AFTER PAGE, THE IDEAS ERUPTING FROM HIS MIND AND FLOWING FROM HIS HAND TO THE PAPER AS FAST AS THE INSPIRATION STRUCK.



AS I HAD HOPED, THEY THREW THEMSELVES INTO THE WORK. THEIR INGENUITY FOR TRAPS, SECRET DOORS, FALSE WALLS, HIDDEN ROOMS AND ALL MANNER OF MISCHIEF-MAKERS GREATLY EXCEEDED MY EXPECTATIONS.



AS THE WORK NEARED COMPLETION, I FELT A TRAP OF MY OWN DEVISING NEEDED TO BE SET. ALL IT REQUIRED WAS THE SIMPLE APPLICATION OF A SMALL COMPLIMENT...

FINE, FINE WORK, GENTLEMEN. MR. DAVIS, I PARTICULARLY LIKE THE GIANT GUEST-EJECTING SPRING DISGUISED AS A SPIRAL STAIRCASE.

WHY... WHY THANK YOU, MR. GRACEY. ...NOW DO NOT WORRY ONE iota! MR. COATS AND I ARE WATCHING OVER EVERY LAST DETAIL.

REMEMBER, THE DEVIL'S IN THE DETAILS, MR. DAVIS.

UH... IF YOU SAY SO, SIR.

ADD TO THE COMPLIMENT A SIMPLE CLICHE AND A DEVIOUS SEED WAS PLANTED IN THE DARK RECESSES OF MR. COATS' CREATIVE MIND.



...IN THE DETAILS.
HMMMM.



ROOTED IN THE FERTILE SOIL OF SEVERAL DEADLY SINS, THE SEED GREW INTO A PLAN... AN ARCHITECTURAL PLAN.

THAT LITTLE WEASEL! I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT HIS SCHEMING, DEVIOUS BRAIN WOULD FIND A WAY TO STEAL MY LIMELIGHT! HE'S ALWAYS BEEN FULL OF ONE-UPMANSHIP, WITH HIS FLASHY BALUSTRADES, OVERDONE WAINGSCOTING AND GAUDY KNOBS!

SINCE THEY HAD DIVIDED THE WORK, MR. COATS FOUND IT EASY TO SLIP HIS NEW PLANS IN WITH THE EXISTING ONES. HIS NOW-DESPISED PARTNER WAS NONE THE WISER AND SOON THE GLORY AND ADULATION, NOT TO MENTION A FAT WAD OF CASH, WOULD BE MR. COATS ALONE.

FINISHED AT LONG LAST, MR. COATS! WE MUST CELEBRATE!

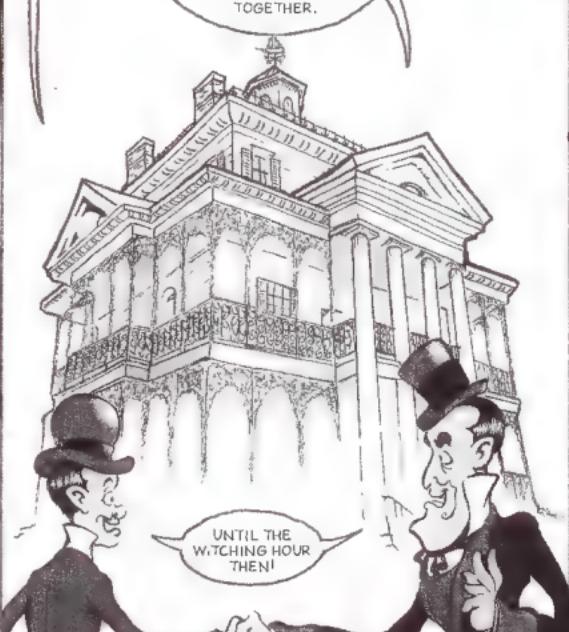
I AM EQUALLY AS DELIGHTED BUT I FEAR IT WOULD BE BAD LUCK FOR US TO OFFICIALLY END THE CONSTRUCTION TODAY, BEING FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH AND ALL. HOWEVER, HAVING REALIZED THIS UNFORTUNATE HAPPENSTANCE MIGHT OCCUR, I LEFT ONE BIT OF WORK UNDONE. MEET ME HERE TONIGHT AND AS THE CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT WE WILL FINISH THE HOUSE TOGETHER.

SPLENDID IDEA! WE WOULDN'T WANT TO START THIS HOUSE'S... HEH, STORIED CAREER OFF ON AN UNLUCKY DAY.

THAT NIGHT, AS THE HANDS OF TIME CREST TOWARDS MIDNIGHT, THE TWO MEN MET... AND ENTERED THEIR CREATION.

AFTER YOU, MR. COATS.

NO, MY DEAR MR. DAVIS, AFTER YOU



ABLE TO KEEP A WATCHFUL EYE ON HIS RIVAL, MR. COATS WAS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO LET MR. DAVIS LEAD THE WAY. MR. DAVIS, LITTLE KNOWING HIS FATE, GEEFULLY LED THEM THROUGH SEVERAL OF HIS SECRET PASSAGES, UNTIL...



TA-DA!

I'VE
SEEN THE
WALL SCONCES
BEFORE, MR.
COATS.

AH, BUT
YOU HAVEN'T
SEEN ONE DO...
THIS!

CLICK!



TO PROVE THAT
I AM THE CONSUMMATE
DESIGNER, MR. DAVIS, I'VE
RESERVED MY GREATEST GADGET
FOR YOU... THE "COATS AUTOMATIC
HYDRAULIC COFFIN-ZER"
(PATENT PENDING).

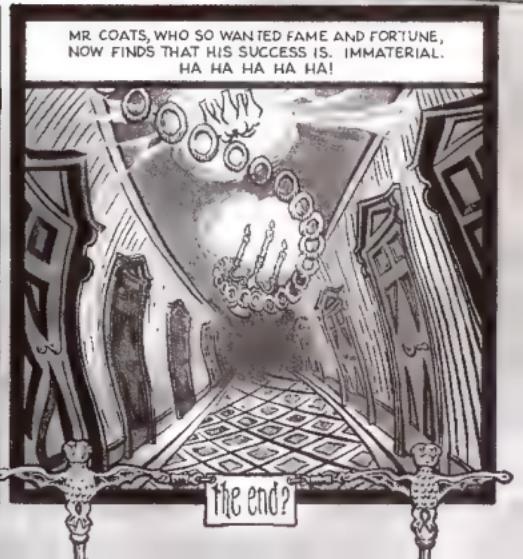
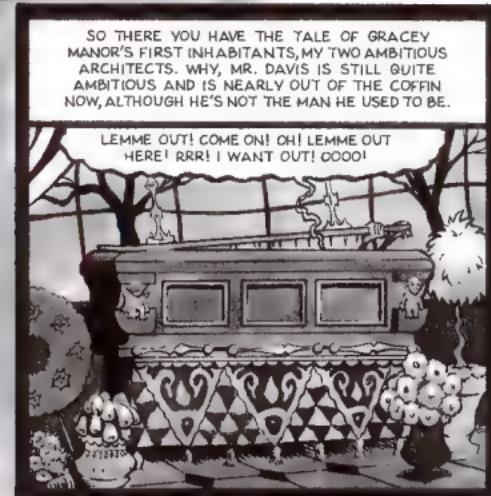
YOUR FLASHY
FLOURISHES HAVE SULLIED
MY REPUTATION LONG ENOUGH!
I, AND I ALONE, SHALL RECEIVE THE
FAME AND NOTORIETY THAT WILL
BE THIS MANSION'S
LEGACY.

NO USE STRUGGLING
IN THERE, MR. DAVIS, IT'S
COMPLETELY SELF-SEALING. YOU'D
RUN OUT OF AIR LONG BEFORE
YOU MADE ANY PROGRESS
AT AN ESCAPE.

NOW THEN, MY SOON-
TO-BE-DEARLY-DEPARTED
FRIEND, HAVE YOU ANY
LAST WORDS?

SINCE YOU MATCH
THE REST OF MR. GRACEY'S
DECOR, I'M SURE HE'LL ENJOY
THIS NEW KNICKKNACK
FOR YEARS TO COME.





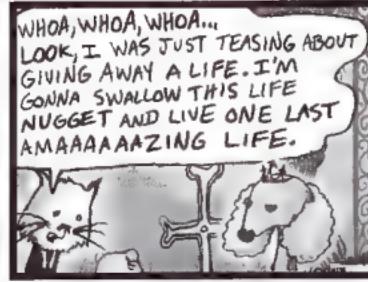
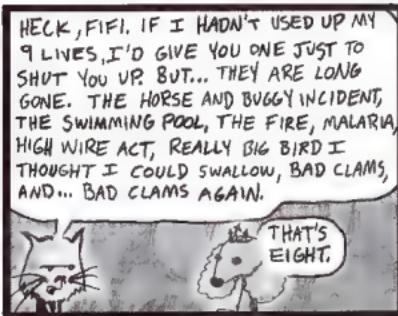
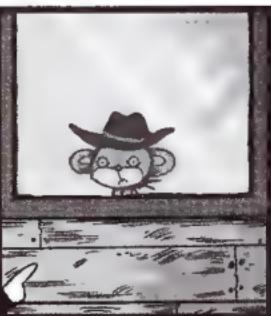
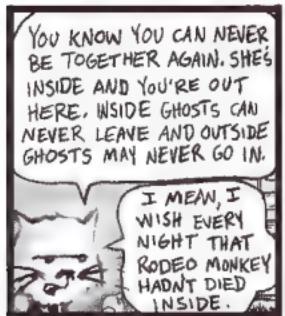
While the Fifi is Away...

by Roman Dirge

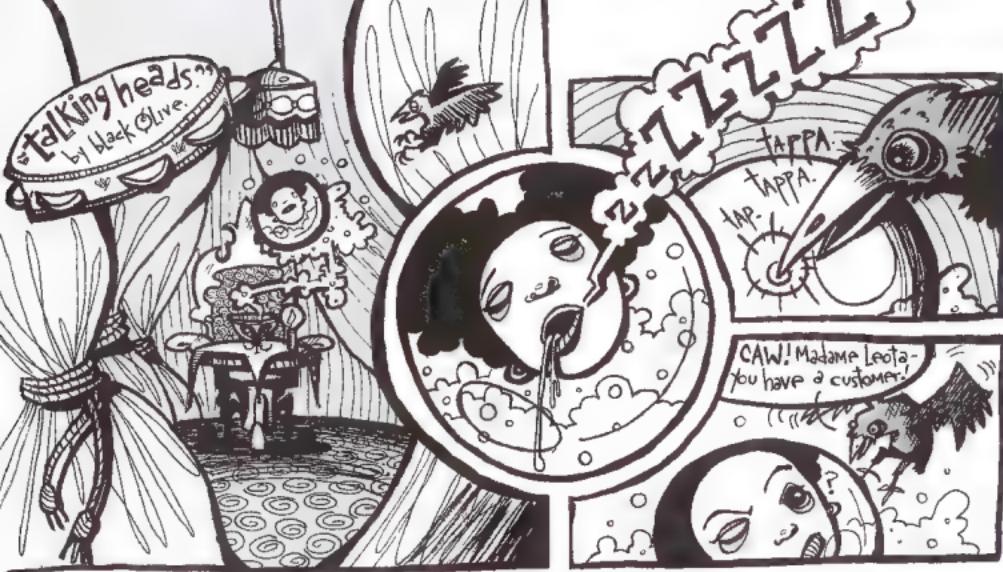


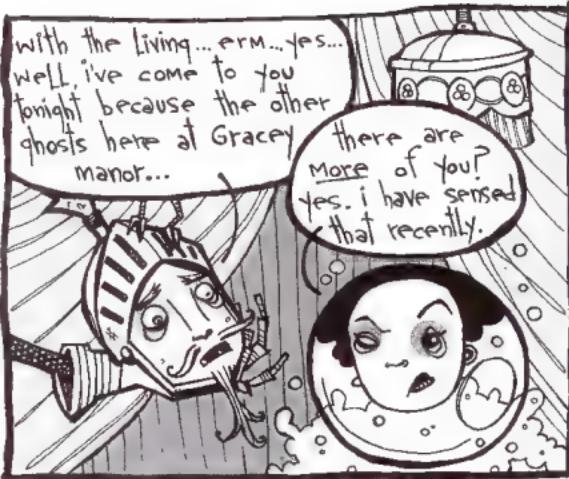
The Gracey Mansion
999 really cool ghosts in there
Each one has some amazing story behind them
So what do I choose to fixate on first?
A patch of weeds and dirt out front
and to the left

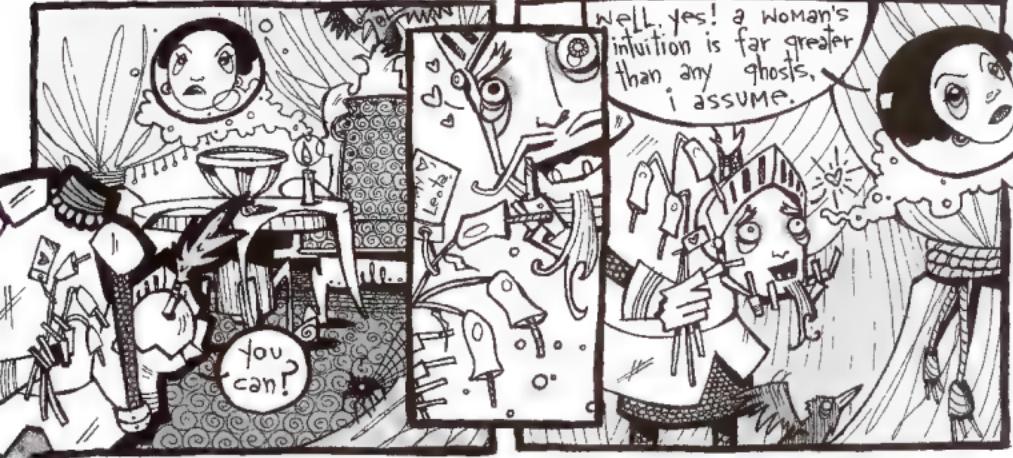






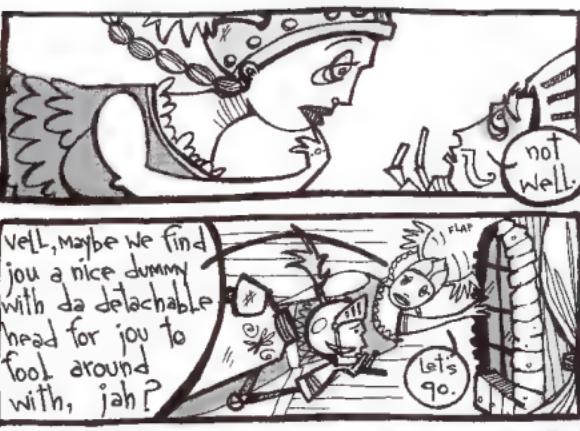






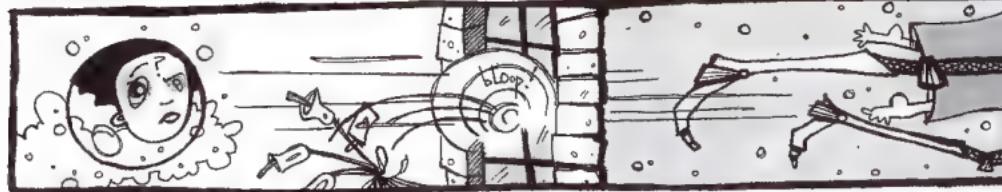
well tonight is your night my decapitated deary! i will gaze deep into my crystal ball to summon a helpful apparition eager to find the answers you seek!





Well, maybe we find jou a nice dummy with da detachable head for jou to fool around with, jah?

let's go.



what a peculiar visit! i do believe that silly specter has lost his marbles along with his head!!



THE NEW GROUNDSKEEPER

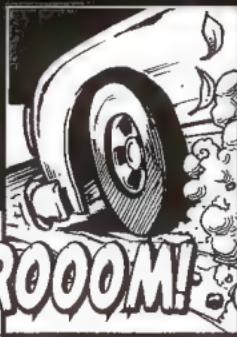
ART AND STORY:
D.W. FRYDENDALL











Mystery of the MANSE

Part One

AHH! THERE YOU ARE!

I'VE BEEN DOING THIS FOR
WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY,
SO I KNOW HOW FUN MY LITTLE
HOME FOR WAYWARD GHOSTS
CAN BE.

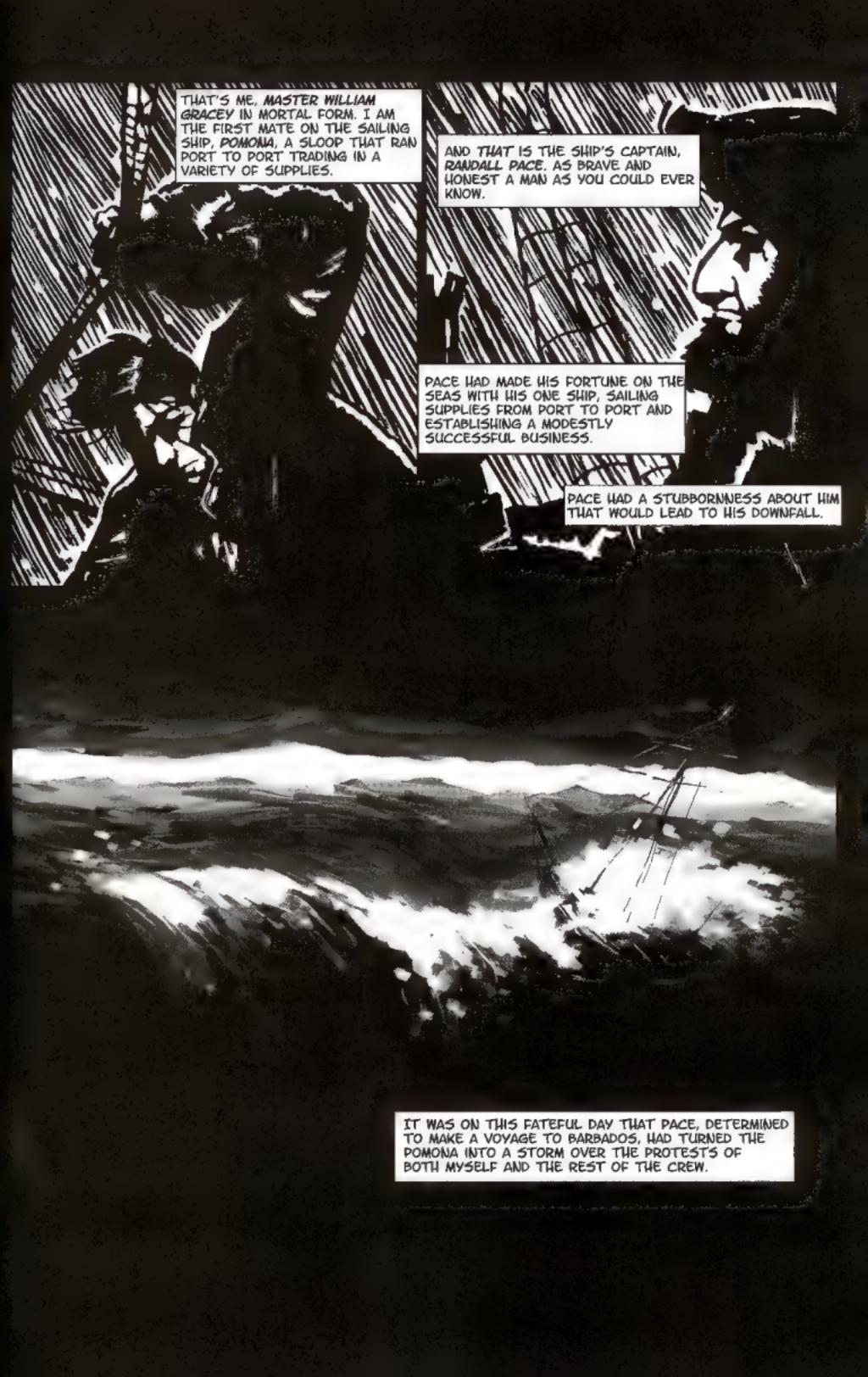
I HOPE YOU'VE HAD AS MUCH FUN
HANGING AROUND AS I HAVE.

BUT BY NOW YOU MUST BE DYING
OF CURIOSITY ABOUT HOW THIS
PLACE CAME TO BE, AND HOW
I CAME TO BE THE HOST OF
THESE 999 HAPPY HAUNTS.

AS WITH MOST OF MY GHOULISH
GUESTS, MY STORY BEGINS
INNOCENTLY ENOUGH...

...WITH A VOYAGE ON THE
CALM, CARIBBEAN SEA.

A VOYAGE WHICH TURNED
HELLISH IN A SUDDEN STORM...



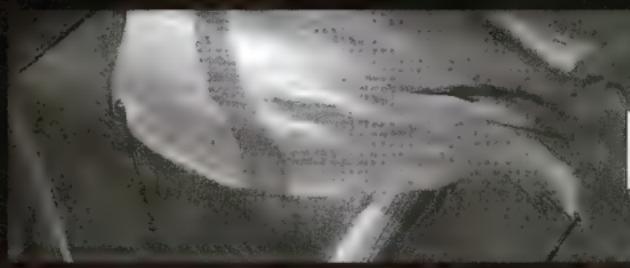
THAT'S ME, MASTER WILLIAM GRACEY IN MORTAL FORM. I AM THE FIRST MATE ON THE SAILING SHIP, POMONA, A SLOOP THAT RAN PORT TO PORT TRADING IN A VARIETY OF SUPPLIES.

AND THAT IS THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN, RANDALL PACE. AS BRAVE AND HONEST A MAN AS YOU COULD EVER KNOW.

PACE HAD MADE HIS FORTUNE ON THE SEAS WITH HIS ONE SHIP, SAILING SUPPLIES FROM PORT TO PORT AND ESTABLISHING A MODESTLY SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS.

PACE HAD A STUBBORNNESS ABOUT HIM THAT WOULD LEAD TO HIS DOWNFALL.

IT WAS ON THIS FATEFUL DAY THAT PACE, DETERMINED TO MAKE A VOYAGE TO BARBADOS, HAD TURNED THE POMONA INTO A STORM OVER THE PROTESTS OF BOTH MYSELF AND THE REST OF THE CREW.



THE SHIP WAS HOLDING ITS OWN AGAINST THE FORCE OF THE STORM, BUT SHE WASN'T GOING TO LAST TOO MUCH LONGER.



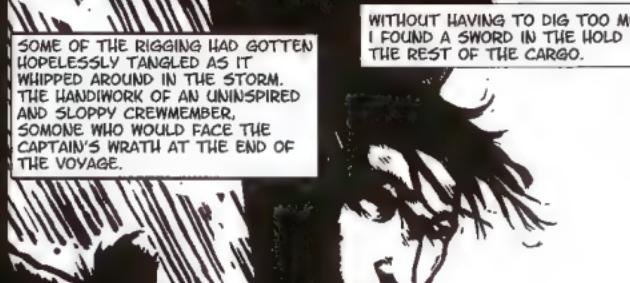
I WAS BEGGING THE CAPTAIN TO TURN THE SHIP INTO THE STORM'S EYE, JUST TO GIVE THE SHIP AND US SOME RELIEF.



BUT THE CAPTAIN WOULD HAVE NONE OF OUR COMPLAINING AND SIMPLY ORDERED US BACK TO WORK.



HE HAD A DEADLINE, YOU SEE, ONE HE WAS GOING TO MAKE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.



SOME OF THE RIGGING HAD GOTTEN HOPELESSLY TANGLED AS IT WHIPPED AROUND IN THE STORM. THE HANDIWORK OF AN UNINSPIRED AND SLOPPY CREWMEMBER, SOMONE WHO WOULD FACE THE CAPTAIN'S WRATH AT THE END OF THE VOYAGE.



WITHOUT HAVING TO DIG TOO MUCH, I FOUND A SWORD IN THE HOLD WITH THE REST OF THE CARGO.



THE MANIFEST READ "SUPPLIES." THAT I KNOW BECAUSE IT WAS MY JOB TO KNOW THESE THINGS. MOST OF THE CARGO WE TRANSPORTED WAS OF THE MUNDANE VARIETY.



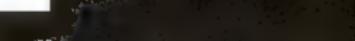
ASSUMING WE SURVIVED



BUT THE SWORD WAS OUT OF PLACE. WE HAD SWORDS ON BOARD, BUT GENERALLY THEY BELONGED TO THE CREW TO USE IN CASE WE WERE BOARDED BY PIRATES. I DECIDED TO LOOK INTO MORE CRATES.



BLANKETS, WHEAT, THE OCCASIONAL CONTAINERS OF RUM.



I GOT ONE BOX OPEN AND DISCOVERED THAT THIS CARGO

WAS MOST DEFINITELY NOT BLANKETS.

IT SEEMED THAT THE GOOD CAPTAIN PACE HAD DECIDED TO BECOME A GUNRUNNER WITHOUT CONSULTING THE CREW OR THE FIRST MATE.

I WOULD LIKE TO THINK THAT I WAS STILL A GOOD AND HONORABLE MAN WHEN I CLIMBED BACK ON DECK.

ANGRY, YES, BUT MY PRIMARY CONCERN WAS STILL THE SHIP AND HER CREW. IN AN OUTRAGED VOICE, I CALLED THE CAPTAIN'S NAME.



THE FEROCITY OF MY TONE CAUGHT THE CREWMEMBERS' ATTENTION, EVEN OVER THE HOWLING WINDS, WHICH, IN MY RECOLLECTION AT LEAST, HAD SEEMED TO SUBSIDE AS MY ANGER GREW.

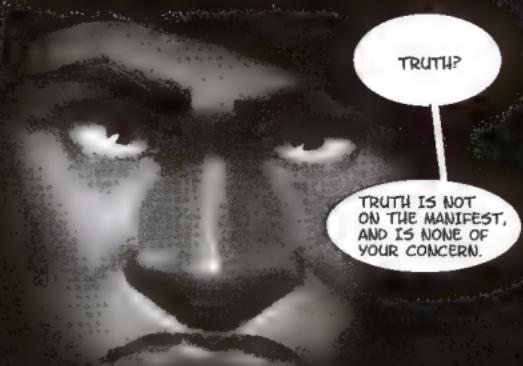
I CONFRONTED THE CAPTAIN WITH WHAT I HAD DISCOVERED. TRUTH BE TOLD, I HAD NO REASON TO BE ANGRY ABOUT THE CARGO. IT WAS JUST CARGO, AFTER ALL. BUT THAT THE CAPTAIN WOULD RISK OUR LIVES FOR A HIGH VALUE SHIPMENT AND NOT OFFER US EXTRA COMPENSATION OR EVEN THE CHANCE TO BACK OUT OF A DANGEROUS VOYAGE.

HIS REPLY WAS AS QUICK AS IT WAS THOUGHTLESS

TRUTH?

TRUTH IS NOT ON THE MANIFEST, AND IS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN.

I DEMANDED THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CARGO, WHO IT WAS FOR AND WHY WE WERE RISKING OUR LIVES AND THE SHIP FOR IT.





THE CAPTAIN FOUND HIMSELF TIED UP AND STRUGGLING WITH THE BROKEN PARTS OF THE MAST. HE WAS FRANTIC AS THE WINDS STARTED TO HOWL AGAIN.

THE STORM REPLIED TO THE CAPTAIN WHEN A SUDDEN GUST BROKE SOME OF THE RIGGINGS FREE



DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU FOOL,
CUT ME LOOSE!

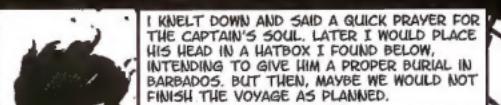


SO MANY THINGS PASSED THROUGH MY MIND AT THAT MOMENT, IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO LIST THEM ALL.



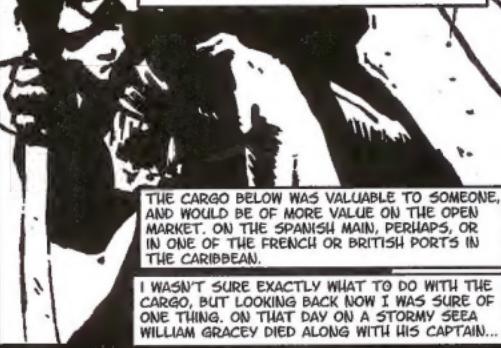
WITH A SCREAM I SWUNG THE SWORD.
TO THIS DAY I AM NOT CERTAIN WHAT I WAS SWINGING AT...

IT WOULD BE SAFE TO SAY THAT I WAS SO ANGRY AT THAT MOMENT, THAT I WAS WITHOUT THOUGHT.



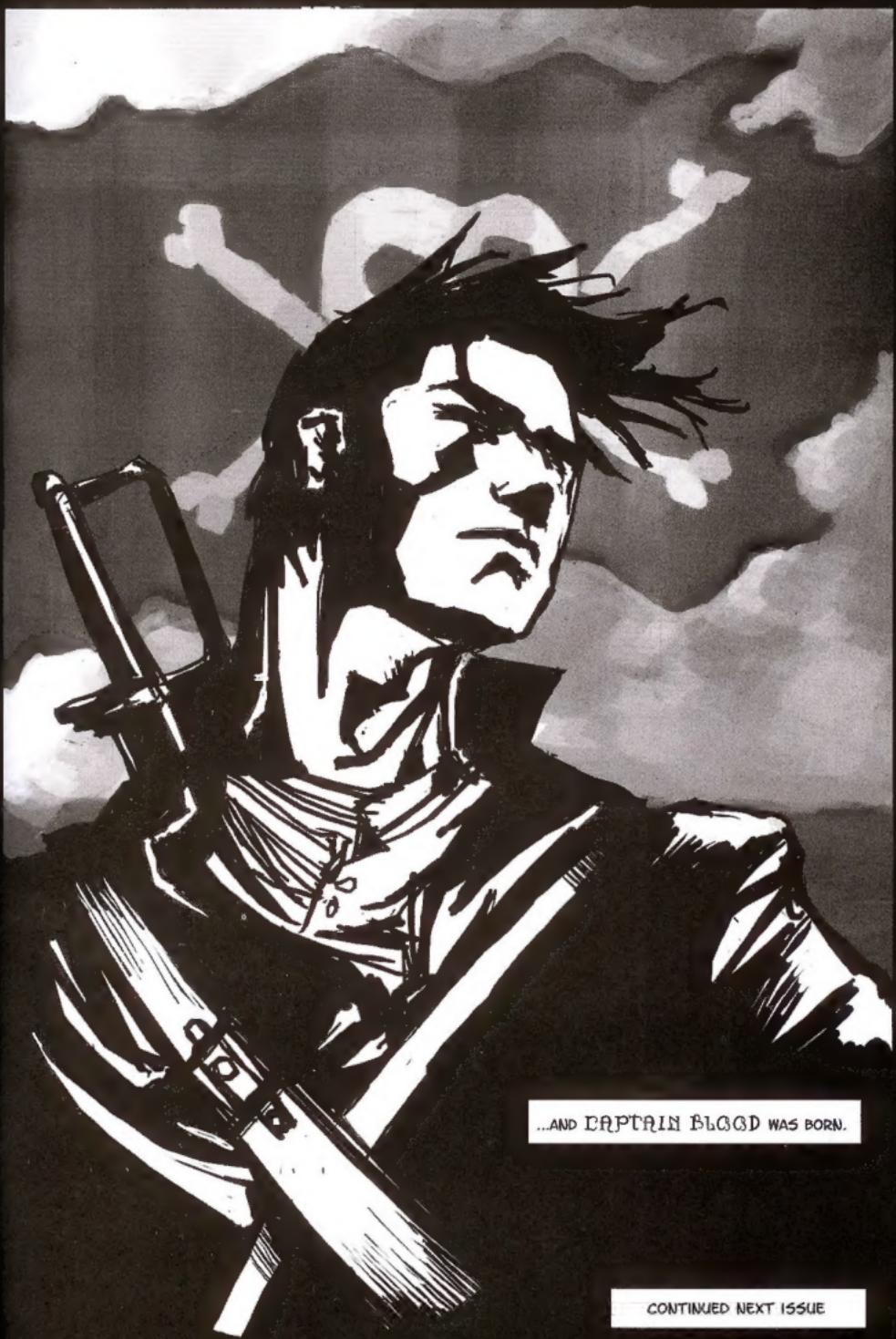
I KNELT DOWN AND SAID A GLICK PRAVER FOR THE CAPTAIN'S SOUL. LATER I WOULD PLACE HIS HEAD IN A HATBOX I FOUND BELOW, INTENDING TO GIVE HIM A PROPER BURIAL IN BARBADOS. BUT THEN, MAYBE WE WOULD NOT FINISH THE VOYAGE AS PLANNED.

ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS WHAT I HIT.



THE CARGO BELOW WAS VALUABLE TO SOMEONE, AND WOULD BE OF MORE VALUE ON THE OPEN MARKET. ON THE SPANISH MAIN, PERHAPS, OR IN ONE OF THE FRENCH OR BRITISH PORTS IN THE CARIBBEAN.

I WASN'T SURE EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH THE CARGO, BUT LOOKING BACK NOW I WAS SURE OF ONE THING. ON THAT DAY ON A STORMY SEA, WILLIAM GRACEY DIED ALONG WITH HIS CAPTAIN...



...AND CAPTAIN BLOOD WAS BORN.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

Goulish Contributors

Eric
Jones

Eric Jones is the co-creator and artist of *The Super-Scary Monster Show featuring Little Gloomy*. He is also the co-writer (along with his *Little Gloomy* co-creator) of the SLG Publishing series *Tron*, based on the classic Disney film.

Roman
Dirge

Roman is the creator of the hit SLG comic *Lenore* as well as various other SLG comics, including *Something at the Window Is Scratching* and *The Monsters in My Tummy*. Roman has ridden the Haunted Mansion so often he now has his mail forwarded there.

D.W.
Frydendall

D.W. Frydendall has been illustrating horror since he could pick up a pencil. His most recent comic work includes Asylum's Press's critically acclaimed *Satan's Three Ring Circus of Hell*. He recently released a book of his art, titled *The Creeps*, from Burnside Publishing.

Mike
Moss

Brian Belew and Mike Moss died in 1896 when their office inexplicably burst into flames, ruining the opening of their newly formed business, Indoor Fireworks, Inc. Recently exhumed and amply covered in moisturizer, the duo continues to design and illustrate for the lucrative undead market in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Jen
"Bean"
Hastings

Black
Olive

Black Olive is best known for her SLG comic *Outlook: Grim*. When not writing and drawing, Olive spends most of her time scaring small children with bedtime stories involving pachyderm. She is wary of electrical appliances that turn on by themselves.

Brian
Belew



DARTH SCANNER



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AND YOUR LOCAL
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